

IRELAND'S T E A R S.

TO THE
Sacred Memory
Of our late Dread Sovereign
King CHARLES II.

AS distant Thunder in a rowling Cloud,
First Murmures inwardly, then Roars aloud
O're the amazed list'ning Crowd;
Till the Dread Clap scares ev'ry Mortal Ear;
Too weak Heavens angry voice to bear:
Such was the sad astonishing News
Which February's 6th Idea's did bring;
The Dangerous Sicknels of our Dearest KING!
It stun'd all Ears, and did all Minds amuse;
All the sad Tydings so bemoan,
As if 'twere not His Sicknels, but their Own.
Trembling, and full of Fear we wait
To know what the next Messenger will say;
And all the while we Weep, and all the while we Pray.
When suddenly Death's Herald spoke the Dreadful Fate—
Alas! the Miserable Day!
The News too sad to Hear, too Killing to Repeat.

II.

Horror and Cryes fill all around :
 Distracted Looks, and Throbbing Hearts,
 As if 'twere the last Trumpets sound,
 In ev'ry place are found ;
 And hideous Groans do Eccho from all parts.
 Frighted with what I saw, and heard ;
 But much more with what I fear'd :
 The blasted City soon I left,
 And as of *Reason* quite bereft,
 I wildly roam'd about to seek some place
 Less Doleful than the City was ;
 Where without Partners, or Lookers on,
 I might Enjoy my Grief alone :
 And for a little Space
 Might lay the weighty Burden of my Sorrow down.

III.

And long I had not rov'd about,
 E're an approv'd Retirement I found out ;
 Ruins, that to Religion Sacred were of Yore ;
 Nor now less Venerable than heretofore :
 Where all things did my Melancholly Fancy please ;
 Murmuring Waters, awful Cliffs, and Wither'd Trees :
 There Cheerful Birds ne're Sing, nor e're blows Gentle Breeze :
 Nor any Beast, or Humane Face
 Was to be seen upon the lonely Place.
 To this Forlorn and Uncouth seat,
 Well suited to my Troubled state,
 I softly with my load of Grief retreat :
 Where each Rock and ev'ry Tree
 Wou'd, (I knew,) Condole with me ;
 Only stern Fate would un-renting be.
 Thusthen with many a Tear and Groan,
 My Dead Prince I did bemoan.

CHARLES, the Clement, and the Good!
CHARLES, the Flow'r of Princely Blood!
 Of all we Earthly Gods do call,
CHARLES, the most Belov'd of all!
 Our Heart's Delight, Joy of our Eyes;
 And whom not we alone did prize,
 Through the whole Universe his Glory flies,
 Ev'n Nations Strangers to our Faith and God,
 Heard of His Fame,
 Rever'd His Name,
 And *Eastern* Princes Dazled with his bright Renown,
 Which did so much Eclipse their own,
 Sent their *Embassadors* Abroad
 To Court the Favour of this Second *Solomon*.
 Of him to learn the Royal Art
 To Govern, and secure the Peoples Heart:
 While *Christendom* in ev'ry weighty Ail
 Did to his well-known Justice still Appeal,
 Whose Word and Wisdom ever turn'd the Scale.

V.

He that can tell the drops of Rain
 Which on an *April* day do fall,
 (Or his sad Subjects Tears can count,
 Which to a greater number mount;)

May reckon up the Graces, but not all,
 (For that Essay would be in vain,)

Which did adorn his Life and Glorious Reign:
 For who will e're Attempt to tell
 Things that are unexpressible?

Great Lord of Wit, Patron of Arts he was,
 Learning's strong *Atlas*, Poetry's best Friend;
 Crown'd with each Ray, and Blest with ev'ry Grace,
 That could a Prince, or make, or recommend.

But if in any one he could and did Himself Excel.
 'Twas that of *Clemency*!

 Herein he was Heav'n's Parallel.
 Nay (be't with Rev'rence spoke) He Heav'n out-went,
 In Pard'ning the Impenitent —
 Is Heav'n it self so Merciful as He?

VI.

But as Ten Thousand scatter'd Rayes
 By Art are made to Center in one Glafs;
 So all the Tenderness and Love
 Which in his Heart did towards all his Subjects move,
 First on His Royal Brother fell, and through Him did pass.
 Not fearing loss of *Empire*, or of *Life*,
 When High-born *JAMES*'s Foes were rife,
 When sawcy, Factious Senates menac'd high,
 And blush'd not to Decry
 The *Crown*'s Just Heir and Truest Friend to *Monarchy*;
 Our King close to His Brothers Interest stood,
 And stem'd the Impetuous Flood.
 To the Damn'd Project soon he put an end,
 And shew'd Himself not more a *Monarch* than a Friend.
 Friendship like This the World did never know,
 Save what the King of Heav'n did show,
 Who, for our sakes, descending here below,
 Ceas'd to be Happy, that we might be so.

VII.

How Dear to Heav'n its Champion was, our Prince,
 (Who did so well Defend the *Crown*
 And Faith which He receiv'd from thence,
 Still valuing the *Publick-Weal*, more than His own ;)
 Let the long Chain of Miracles convince,
 Which, Maugre all the opposition
 Of Fiends, and Fiend-like Men combin'd in one;
 Destin'd him for, and Brought him to, and kept him on his *Throne*.
 Witness that shining *Herald*, sent
 To tell the World of His Illustrious *Birth*.
 As if Heav'n had hereby meant ———
Another God is Born on Earth!
 At Noon we saw the New-born *Star*
 Shine on his Infant Brother here,
 With a Mild *Aspect*, yet so Bright and Clear,
 As did out-vie the Mid-day *Sun*,
 As far as He Himself all other Kings has done.

And

And when Rebellion Black and Dire
 Had haras'd long his God-like Sire ;
 Whose Life it Barbarously took away,
 Of all things Great and Holy made a Prey,
 And turn'd three Kingdoms into One *Aceldama* ;
 Our late (Ah wretched word !) Heav'n-lov'd King,
 Kind Providence did wondrously convey,
 And shelter'd Him beneath its wing,
 From all the Ills which War, and Chance,
 And *Treasons* blacker than the Night,
 Did 'gainst his Sacred Life advance.
 Witness his Happy 'scape from *Worster's* Bloody-Fight :
 Where Hov'ring Angels with their Mighty Shield
 Sav'd Him from all the Hazards of that Dreadful Field:
 And their important Charge, by ways unknown, convey'd
 T' a Neighb'ring Friendly shade,
 Where sturdy Oaks stretch'd out their Arms on high,
 (Oh shame to Man's Barbarity!)
 To Receive, and shelter Distress'd Majesty.
 Witness, O *Boscobel*, thy Monumental Tree !

IX.

From Thence through Dangers numberless,
 In mighty Wants, and deep Distress
 At Home, Abroad, by Land and Seas,
 (As once his High-fam'd Ancestor, the wandring *Trojan* Prince)
 By many a wondrous Providence,
 During his Nine Years Exile hence,
 Heav'n its Regard of Him did Evidence,
 When the Almighty King to shew his care
 Of such as his Vicegerents are ;
 When Humane Force could do no more ; And when
 Our dying Hopes cou'd ebb no lower ;
 Did by a Turn, Miraculous Restore
 Our King to Us, Us to our King again.
 To bring which Blessed work to pass,
 Neither Man's Power, nor Policy had place ;
 No Contract made, nor Blows were given ;
 But the astonish'd World saw 'twas
 The stupendious work of Heaven !

So Great a *Monarch*, and so Glorious,
 So much Belov'd at Home, and Fear'd Abroad;
 (Much too Good alas! for Us:
 Wife as an Angel, Generous as a God —
 Though calmly Settled on a Lofty Throne,
 Was not above the Reach of Envious Lookers on:
 Which made him stand in need of Heav'n's high Patronage;
 (And what he needed, he still had,)
 To Save his *Crown* and *Person* from the Rage
 Of Men (with too much Ease) gone Mad.
 Witness those *Plots*, the *Faction's* fruitful womb
 So oft Conceiv'd, tho still in vain,
 Against their Gracious Sovereign:
 (Where sometimes the Discoverer
 Play'd both the Devil and the Conjuror :)
 Which being by Heav'n's great care Abortive still become,
 They added to the Wonders of his Reign:
 And made his Throne as fix'd and Glorious, as *Wain*.

When lo! the Prince who seem'd Heav'n's chief Delight,
 Its Darling and Prime Favourite,
 His *Mid-day Glory's* all full Blown —
 How strangely are they Blasted, Ah! how soon!
 But what Heav'n rais'd, Heav'n only can pull down.
 Down low as Earth, this Son of the most High is come;
 And all his scatter'd Trophies serve, but to adorn his Tomb.
 But why! no Prodigy at all?
 No Beacon-Comet fir'd above?
 (No *Monstrous Births*, no *Storms*, no *Whale*,
 Or to Prefage, Great KINGS thy Fall,
 Or to attend thy Funeral?)
 Which Nature's fright might shew, and Mankind's wonder move.
 Why (seeing a wondrous Star Proclaim'd his Birth,)
 Did not as Wondrous an Eclipse foretel his leaving Earth?
 Must God-like KINGS like Puny Mortals die?
 Must CHARLES the most *August* —
 Be meanly crumbled like *Plebeian Dust*?
 Why deal'st thou with th' Anointed, O King of Princes! why?
 But

But while thus Ravingly I spoke,
 VWith a strange Horrour I was struck,
 VWhich dim'd my Eyes, loosen'd my Joynts, and chill'd my Blood;
 Before me straight a Visionary somewhat stood;
 VWhose Form I could not well discern;
 The *Genius*, likely, of the place,
 Or some such Airy Image 'twas;
 Of Stature high, Clad in Blue mists, Its Visage stern:
 VWhich with an angry Hallow Tone
 Thus stop'd me —

“ Shall Mortal wight dare to reprove,
 “ Or prie into the things above?
 “ The Prince whose Death you so bemoan,
 “ VWas he not th' Almighty's Loan?
 “ VWho only has took what was his own.
 “ His Awful Meen, and Heavenly Eyes,
 “ VWhich made all Hearts his Votaries;
 “ His Soul so Soft, yet truly Great,
 “ His Mind so clear, and so Sedate,
 “ Prov'd well his Extract from the Skies.

XIII.

VWith Milder accent, and Genteeler look,
 The Spright, (less Frightful now,) thus farther spoke.

“ Then if your much-Lamented King
 “ So Good and Amiable was;
 “ VWhy wou'd you have some dreadful thing
 “ The smoothness of his Reign deface?
 “ Let Tyrants and Usurpers have
 “ *Sea-Monsters*, and Rough *Hurricanes*
 “ Foretel their Death, and dig their Grave,
 “ Such Prodigies suit well their Reigns:
 “ *Comets* have still a noisy end,
 “ VWhen calmly does the *Sun* descend:
 “ Or if you must have Prodigies,
 “ Think of the Millions of VVeeping Eyes,
 “ The Truest kind of *Elegies*;
 “ Or else let This be reckon'd one,
 “ That 'tis a Prodigy — *That you have none.*
 “ In *Halcyon*-days your Dove-like-Prince was born,
 “ VWhich did with him return;
 “ His Realms five Lustres have Peace's white Livery worn;
 “ Living, He Peace bestow'd on ev'ry side,
 “ Kept all in Peace, and Peaceably He Dy'd.

It scarce had spoke ; when, Lo ! a sudden Thunder
 (For such at first it did appear)
 Shak'd the Thin Ghost alunder,
 Which strait dissolv'd into its Primitive Air.
 From the cold Turf I quickly rais'd my Head,
 Left there my Load of Grief, and to the Town for shelter fled ;
 E're (as I thought) the Storm should fall upon my Head.
 The City soon I reach'd, help'd with the wings of Fear :
 But my old Grief and Fright soon chang'd into new Dread and Wonder
 When, what I took for Thunders noise,
 A second Peal inform'd me was the *Canon's* roaring voice ;
 Which led me to a *Loyal Crowd* ;
 That with Great Triumph did Proclaim,
 With Joyful Shouts and Acclamations Loud,
 A new *Kings Title*, and *Imperial Name*.
 Amaz'd at This so easie Change, I said,
 May this Prodigious Shout strike all His Enemies dead —
 Long, and as this Day Peaceful be his Reign,
 And may His God-like Brother live in Him again,

XV.

Poets of old, were *Prophets* deem'd ;
 And if They now were such esteem'd,
 (And who knows but they may ?)
 If our Predicting Rhimes
 May lucky *Omens* prove to after Times,
 And, that some Good may be presag'd from Names ;
 Then would I boldly say
 These Reams are doubly blest in that of *JAMES*.
Great Britain's Glory did Commence
 When the First *JAMES* did to the whole give Law :
 He Joyn'd the Kingdoms, and deriv'd from thence
 That long white Row of Peaceful years our Happy Fathers saw.
 The Second *JAMES* by Heaven's Decree
 Will the great Healer of our Breaches be,
 And as His Wisdom does already give our Fears Relief,
 So will His Mercy suddenly Cure all our Publick Grief.
 Well-skill'd He is in all His Royal Grandfires Arts,
 Who joyn'd both *Crowns*, as He will do all Hearts.
 May Heaven fulfil, and own the Prophecie:
 But *Ireland*, sure, above the rest
 In that Auspicious Name is doubly blest :
 For while the Royal *JAMES* the *English* Crown does wear,
 And *Ormond's* Noble *JAMES* remains His *Vice-Roy* here,
IRELAND will ne're again know cause of Publick Grief, or Fear.

